



Fine Strawberries, or Hautboys.

Pride of the woods! tho' not elate
With their own merits, next we
wait

On Strawberries, whose odour nice
Arabian incense far outvies ;
Whose glowing cheek by far outgoes
The blushes of the new blown rose ;
Whose stem no prickly thorns invade ;
Whose modest face their foliage shade ;
To whom the breath of British maids,
Tho' always sweet, with envy fades ;
And who, with rural peace and love,
Thrive best beneath their native grove.
Your praise, whene'er the Muse will
bring
Sweet inspiration, I will sing.